

Mooreditch? *Falst.* Thou hast the most vnauory smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascallicst sweer yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I woulde to God thou and I knewe where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely and in the street to: *Prin.* Thou didst well, for wisdomes cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

*Falst.* O thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast done much harme vpon me *Hal*, God forgie thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake trulie, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings sonne in Christendom.

*Prin.* Where shal we take a purse to morrow Iacked? *Falst.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no sinne for a man to labor in his vocation. Enter *Poyntes*.

*Poyntes* nowe shall we knowe if *Gadshill* haue set a match. O if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cried, stand to a true man.

*Prin.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poyntes.* Good morrow sweere *Hal*: What saies Monsieur remorse? what saies sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Tatke? howe agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule that thou shouldest him on good friday last, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge.

*Prince.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes, he will giue the diuell his due.

*Poyntes*

*Poyntes.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy worde with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else hee had bin damnd for coosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gadshill*, there are pilgrims going to *Canturburie* with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you al, you haue horses for your selues, *Gadshill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in *Eastcheape*: we may do it as secure as sleepe, if you will go I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Falst.* Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Falst.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who I rob, I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

*Falst.* There is neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camst not of the blood roiall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my dayes ile be a madcap.

*Falst.* Why thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what wil, ile tarry at home.

*Falst.* By the lord ile be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poy.* Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and mee alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture that he shall go.

*Falst.* Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what he heares, may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false thiefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shal find me in *Eastcheape*.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell *Alhallowne* summer.

*Poyntes.* Now my good sweete hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a least to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falst.* *Halfe* *Haruey*, *Rossill*, and *Gadshill*, shal rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

*B.i.*

*Prin.*